

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forlorn and charged accordingly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

W. W. Holden, Governor elect of North Carolina, has issued his proclamation convening the Legislature of that State on the 1st day of July.

Roderick R. Butler has been relieved of his disabilities and admitted to a seat in Congress, without taking the iron-clad.

The hotel property known as the "Bell House," in Knoxville, is offered for sale. The house has been recently refitted, is well located, and will no doubt find a ready purchaser.

A dangerous counterfeit bill of the denomination of ten dollars, on the Saratoga County National Bank of Waterford, has been put in circulation.

At a recent meeting of the "Free Religions Association," in Boston, the Rev. John Weiss boldly and blasphemously repudiated the divinity of Jesus Christ. Many of the other speakers were nearly as profane.

A child with one body, but with four legs, four feet, and twenty-one toes, has been exhibited at Nashville.

President Johnson is being urgently pressed to remove Secretary McCulloch.

Callicott, the convicted Revenue Collector, on arriving at the Albany penitentiary, asked for "something easy to do," as he was "not used to hard work."

The editor of the Warsaw, (Ky.) Signs of the Times, pitches into Shotts & Co., denouncing them as miserable Yankee swindlers, but continues their advertisements in his paper.

The Grand River News, published at Albany, Missouri, credits to the Sweetwater Forerunner a three-line item (which we copied from one of his neighboring papers) and calls it "a copperhead lie." The St. Joe man, who set the item afloat, was too close to him to justify the application of such a compliment.

Mr. Pendleton says that when a public man enters into a political conversation with a newspaper reporter for the purpose of having such conversation published, he renders himself very ridiculous. Mr. Pendleton is right, though he handles the subject a little more delicately than it deserves.

We have heard two or three good judges speak very flatteringly of Colonel John M. Fleming's effort at Knoxville in defence of Henry M. Ashby, on trial for treason. Colonel Fleming's many admirers in this section would have been surprised to hear any other report. Ashby was acquitted on Wednesday.

J. H. Anderson, Revenue Collector of the 4th District, Virginia, has been fined five thousand dollars and sent to the penitentiary for two years; J. H. Patterson and Robert W. Elsom, Inspector of same District, have received a like compliment; and Alfred Gouldman, Assistant Inspector of the same District, has been fined two thousand dollars and sent to the penitentiary for one year. This beautiful quartette have failed, it seems, to enjoy, for any length of time, the nests they have been so busy feathering. Anderson is a nephew of John Minor Botts.

Short Paragraphs.

A stern Chase—Salmon P. Whisky is now called "Congress water." An unmistakable case of black-balling—a crying negro baby.

Remember that you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do than to trifle away time.

"Pat, is your sister's child a boy or a girl?" "Faith, an' I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle."

Many flowers open to the sun but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

A little four-year-old child in Portland, told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother, and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed: "Papa I'm sorry you're a fool."

Frank Hayman was a droll dog. When he buried his wife a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Oh, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much or more for me with pleasure."

Moral and religious culture furnishes the principal excellence of woman's noble character and crowns her queen of home and empress of the school-room, where her greatest power is felt and her greatest influence exerted.

A highly respectable English journal actually alludes to the women who persist in wearing long skirts in the streets as "the ladies with dirty legs."

A negro woman while praying in a cotton patch in Arkansas was shot one night last week and killed, by a negro man, who mistook her for one of "dem Kukuluxes."

Of Freemasonry it may be said that truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walking in its steps and victory following in its train.

Why is a clergyman marrying a couple like an apothecary? Because he compounds simples.

The Albany Argus says "the system at Washington is to govern the North by falsehood and the South by force; and to pillage both sections."

Mr. Nathan Lipscomb, of Troup county, Ga., while plowing, not having any tobacco with him, substituted a weed called angelica, and in thirty minutes he was a corpse.

A man named Elias Bare, a farmer residing in Ross township, Clinton county, Indiana, committed suicide by hanging, on the 13th inst. Apprehensions of pecuniary loss on a contract for land-clearing crazed him.

A young woman in New Philadelphia, Ohio, was seduced, lately, by a married man named Everett, a former lover, and having given birth to a child, poisoned herself last Saturday. The seducer has fled.

The negro barber in Louisville who left an estate of \$100,000, made his money by never charging more than five cents for a shave.

Four hundred barrels of pork which went down on the steamer Amazon, and have been under forty feet of water for more than a month, have been raised, sent to New Orleans, and sold for twenty-nine dollars a barrel.

In Dallas county, Iowa, the grasshoppers appear piled up from four to five deep, and as they pass over the ground not enough vegetation is left in their track to keep life in a field mouse.

The papers announce that the Loyal League of New York has struck the name of President Johnson off its list and turned him out of their society. From Mr. Johnson it is learned that he never was a member of the League, and was not aware that anybody had put his name upon the list.

On the morning of the 16th, during a heavy thunder storm at Monroe, Connecticut, three school boys, aged respectively thirteen, ten and six years, while standing on the school-house porch were instantly killed by lightning, and a little girl was badly stunned, but has since recovered. The school house was badly damaged.

In Connecticut, recently, a boy killed a spotted adder with a stick, and soon after took that part of the stick which had come in contact with the snake in his hand. He was immediately seized with severe pain in the hand and arm, and his body began to swell and was covered with spots. Whisky cured him, but it was a remarkable case of poisoning.

Senator Fowler.

From the Lexington Observer and Reporter.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from the Hon. Mr. Fowler, Senator from Tennessee, to a gentleman of this city:

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1868.—My Dear Friend—Your letter reached me this morning. I am so much pleased with the letter that I reply at once.

I acted on the great trial from a firm conviction of duty to my country, to the accused, to myself, and to God. I separated myself from every person, and devoted myself to the study of the questions involved. I am satisfied that my conclusions were correct, and in strict accord with my oath and the laws.

I am under the necessity, from my organization, to decide in the spirit of my oath, not for party purposes. I can have no interest in a scheme to usurp my government by a few bad, bold conspirators. The whole House of Representatives is under the lead of those good old Democrats, B. F. Butler and John A. Logan. They are the same men now that they were in 1860, and before. In our House, Wade and Sumner and their satellites lead the revolutionary movement here.

But I must not detain you any longer on this subject. As to Mrs. Stover, I have seen Mr. Johnson once in two years. I have seen Mrs. Stover once in the same time. Not a word except an exchange of courtesies at a state dinner. This is all. Not a message of any kind, either spoken or written, has passed between us. There is no more ground for such a lie than if it had been told of you. It is not only ridiculous, but mischievous and malicious.

I wish to say to you—that I am very sorry to say that I have been compelled to vote as I did for the acquittal of the President—not of Andrew Johnson, but of the office he holds. It was not for me to do as others pleased. I acted for my country, and have done what I regarded as a good act. Posterity will do justice to my judgment if the present will not. I shall be in Lexington this summer.

Accept my thanks, my good friend, for your very kind and good letter. Let me hear from you soon. Yours truly,
JOS. S. FOWLER.

A Pennsylvania inventor has prepared a model of an iron railway passenger car, one-eighth of an inch in thickness, cylindrical in shape, strengthened by iron ribs of V form, completely padded inside with at least four inches of padding, amply lighted and ventilated, heated by warm-air furnaces under the car (and outside) and protected, in case of collision, by compressible platforms that will "give" freely when knocked together. He claims that in case of accidents like that recently experienced on the Erie Road, his car would not splinter, crush or burn.

SABBATH-KEEPING MILLER.—After I was convinced of sin, said a miller, I continued to work my mill and sell meal and flour on the Lord's day as usual. But in this practice I became very uneasy, being continually followed by those words, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." I at last determined whatever might be the consequence, to give it up. Accordingly, my mills were stopped; I ground no more; and I informed my customers that I should serve them no longer on the Sabbath, and I hoped they would come on a Saturday evening. Some pitied me; others said they would go to other shops; and thought I should soon break my strange resolution. The next Sabbath they came as usual but were all refused. Their displeasure was general, and they went to other millers. The next week, however, many of them came on a Saturday evening, and were served; and in a short time, all, or as many as I had before, returned; and now, so far from being poorer, on account of this determination to keep the Sabbath, which many of them said would be my ruin, I am this day at least one thousand pounds richer than I was before I made the resolution.

Says an exchange: "At a late dinner in North Carolina, there sat down to table three ex-Governors, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, two ex-members of Congress, and some other men of honorable distinction in their State, and the only person in the room who could vote or hold office was the negro who waited on the table. Such is reconstruction."

WASHINGTON, June 17.—There is increased uncertainty regarding the whisky and tobacco tax.

Butler's corruption report is looked for anxiously, but the tainted parties, among whom are none of the acquittal Senators, find Butler willing to be slow and careful.

A Gay Swindler.

An Englishman Personates a Young Lady in Distress and Victimizes Many Susceptible Gentlemen.

An Englishman, aged about fifty-five years, named William R. Emerson, was arrested in Boston a few days ago, on a charge of swindling various persons throughout the country. His plan was to obtain the name of some prominent citizen or officer, and address him a letter purporting to have been written by a young lady, who had departed from the right way and was anxious to reform. He assumed as many names as suited his fancy, such as "Fanny Caldwell," "Eva Ellis," "Kate Farran," etc. The names of parties addressed were generally selected from the newspapers of the day, political almanacs, city directories, etc. Congressmen and government officers at Washington, as well as prominent gentlemen from Maine to Louisiana, were addressed and solicited for aid. The principal letters found upon Emerson had been written by parties residing in New York, New England, Pennsylvania, Washington city, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Louisiana. He had in his possession about fifty letters, and some of the writers had sent money to the "poor girl" ranging in sums from \$1 up to \$100. B. C. Mann, of New Orleans, sent the latter sum to his "darling Kate." All of the correspondents were not so generous, however, some of them sending her nothing, and telling her she was a humbug. Gentlemen with families volunteered to do all in their power to assist her in carrying out her good intentions to reform, and gave her directions to put up at this or that hotel on her arrival in the city, and notify them where an interview could be had. In writing these letters, the "distressed girl" generally represented that she wanted enough money to take her to the city where the party whom she addressed was living. A Congressman from Maryland received a note from this siren, representing to him that her father had died in Paris, leaving her "unprotected in that gay, licentious capital;" that she returned to the States, and had since then been living on the proceeds derived from the sale of her jewels and other valuables. She claimed that she been introduced to the Congressman some years ago, and she remembered him calling her a "beautiful girl." The following is the concluding portion of the letter:

"Write to me, and oh! say may I come to you. I speak French, Italian, German, and play on the piano and harp. Surely, with a little generous assistance and a hopeful confidence, I might be enabled to help myself so as not to be a burden to my kind friend. Write to me, do, and send me a small sum enclosed, for I am in immediate want, and oh, I will be very grateful. Then afterward, if you desire, I will haste to you on the wings of gratitude and affection. Write to me, I pray, for I am in abject want. Oh, in mercy be my friend, and I will bless you. The poor orphan, friendless girl will be very grateful. In kindness remember me as I was, in pity as I am. I shall anxiously and hopefully await your reply. Need I add more? Write to me, oh, do."

Some of the letters contained much good advice, but no money. One old gentleman told her that he had long ago ceased to contribute anything to "young ladies who traveled on their muscle." A "gushing" youth in West Chester, Pennsylvania, had quite an extensive correspondence with her, and had sent ten dollars, twenty dollars and thirty dollars to her at different times. The following is an extract from one of his letters:

"MY DEAREST ANGEL—Your dear, sweet, letter of the 19th I received this evening, and hasten to reply. Oh! how I was disappointed, for I anticipated the pleasure of meeting you in person yesterday. I went to town and I inquired for you, but you had not arrived. I look forward to our meeting joyously. I am so glad that I was the means of helping you, dearest, and that I have relieved you of the embarrassment alluded to. Oh! it must be awful to be among those who are not congenial to one's self, and I do think you have a kind, loving heart, and you seem to have no one to love you or to take care for you. May I hope I may supply that void in your bosom, and be your idol. Oh! I feel that I could fly to you were it possible; my whole being goes toward you in sympathy and love. Oh! I might say much more, but will defer it until we meet, my little darling, for I seem to feel that you reciprocate my sentiments."

This youth will doubtless feel chagrined on learning that his greenbacks have been pocketed by a burly old English rascal, with a jolly red face, bull-neck, and a ca-

pacious stomach, which give ample evidence that he has lived on his wits. There is no law in Massachusetts under which he can be punished for his frauds, and he will have to be discharged.

[Chicago Times.]

It is reported that in three counties in North Carolina over four hundred families have joined the Emigration Society, with a view to removal from that State the present summer, to settle in Indiana. They are reported to be of the better citizens.

A NEW DOCTRINE.—Grant was asked the other day what he meant by having no policy to oppose against the will of the people. "I meant," he is reported to have replied, "that which ever way Congress goes I will go; for I consider that Congress is the people."

NO UNION.—We have galling taxes, says the Erie Observer, but no Union! A gigantic debt but no Union! Negro supremacy in eleven of the States of the Republic, but no Union! A standing army costing \$130,000,000 a year, but no Union! Our taxes amount to a thousand millions per year, but there is no Union! Every family in the United States pays upon an average about two hundred dollars for taxes every year, to pay the interest on the public debt and support the army of office-holders who are eating out the substance of the people, but there is no Union! "Give—give—give!" clamor the swarm of pestilent fanatics who have usurped the Government, but they do not give us the Union of our fathers in return.

Stanton is furious at the contempt shown to him by the Chicago Convention, where there was none so poor (not even a carpet bag delegate) as to do him reverence. Like Wolsey, he is saddened by ingratitude. Alas, poor Stanton!!! Not even the cheap compliment of a resolution of thanks for such hard fidelity to party and so much sacrifice of self-respect. He will now get a place in the Freedmen's Bureau, for which he is eminently qualified, and will doubtless find it very comfortable in the hot and sweltering days of August to be so intimately associated with his African brethren.

Ben Butler's propensity to steal crops out on all occasions. The other day, while counting the money belonging to Woolley, he adroitly extracted a thousand dollar bill from the package, slipped it under a newspaper on his desk, and proceeded to swear most lustily that the package was less one thousand than the amount marked. Had it not been for Logan, who observed the operation and thoughtlessly blabbed, in a moment or two more the collateral would have been dexterously conveyed to the depths of Big Bethel's breeches pocket. The habit acquired by the old man during the war still adheres to him.—Athens Post.

A CONGREGATION POISONED.—The whole congregation at a church in Naperville, Illinois, was poisoned on Sunday, the 7th instant. It appears the members were celebrating the lovefeast. The meal had been prepared in a copper kettle, and allowed to remain in it all day, till the liquid had become oxidized. The scene that followed beggars description. In different parts of the church were the sufferers; some sitting; some lying on the floor, and all suffering the most excruciating pains. Medical assistance was at once summoned, but it was a long time before the entire number (about one hundred and thirty) could be attended to. About twenty of the number were regarded as in dangerous condition, but none have, as yet, died, and it is hoped that all will recover.

Athens is not dead yet. At Masonic hall is begun, which will be an ornament and credit to the town. Mr. Fisher is building a private residence. Mr. Turner is preparing to build. Both these houses will be in fine locations and be worthy their surroundings.

[Athens Republican.]

We are now in the midst of the wheat harvest—the crop is turning out far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine—the grain is full and plump—the quality good, and the yield will equal—some say it will far exceed—that of last year. It is true that some fields proved a failure, but that is the case every year. Where the crop was put in early and well, and the ground was good middling, it is rather over an average this season. As to what the opening price will be, at present, we are not prepared to say, but suppose it will be in the neighborhood of \$1.50 per bushel.—Cleveland Banker.